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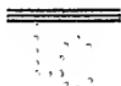
Book H 8

1918

The House of Dreamery

In Two Parts

By
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The House of Dreamery

Part First

THE DREAM WORLD

Let me but roam abroad in sleep
Myself I then shall see,
And in the God's own bosom peep
My immortality.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE NEW PALACE

My night builds a palace of sheen
Lit up by another world's sun,
My day shall rebuild it of words
That the house of my dreams get done.

So now I plan them a home
Where we together shall dwell,
And every word of my writ
I mould of my dream's eerie spell.

This palace builded of measures,
Whose architect though I may seem,
Is his to indwell as the master
Who awake is living my dream.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

DEMOCRACY

Sleep is the mighty democrat
Whose triumph comes to set all free;
Him I install as President
Within my House of Dreamery.

I swoon into my underworld
To find the Goddess Liberty,
Who bans my pains and breaks my chains
Within my House of Dreamery.

Sleep levels all men to one dream
Of Earth's democracy,
And gives them equal life and love
Within my House of Dreamery.

WORLD PAIN

How comes it that I am pursued by a pain
Yet know not the why of my ill?
No misfortune to me has stricken my life,
But this heart-bleed follows me still.

When I slip out of my dream with the morn,
I feel on my spirit a weight
Which is never of me, yet is mine to upbear—
The crush of a worldful of fate.

I sense all the universe now to bleed
Hit with a terrestrial blow,
And I this little old corpuscle, man,
Must share the whole cosmical woe.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

FOR WHOSE SAKE

To-night my world-pain took a voice
Which to my heart's cry spake:
"This mighty cataclysm of blood—
Thou shoutest, For whose sake?

"Calamity restores the bond
Which all success doth maim,
I know your suffering by mine,
Our torture is the same.

"In war's mad shriek of agony
Which circles the whole Earth,
Pain's universal brotherhood
Is having now its birth."

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY

When I lie on the lawn at noon
And listen to the bumble-bee,
His little buzz will jar the door
Of my pearl House of Dreamery.

I slip into the workmen's forge,
A thousand sledges smite I see,
Each hammer hits some hidden bolt
To ope my House of Dreamery.

At once the Dreams dart out to me
In fetches far of fantasy,
I time them all in music's mode
To tune my House of Dreamery.

If I but thread the thronging street,
A million noises jostle me;
Still every noise flows to a note
Which floods my House of Dreamery.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

But when I lay me on my lounge
And will myself a dreamer be,
I build a world of Love within
My House divine of Dreamery.

THE DREAMER

It is my love to live a dream
And fleet the world around,
I long to be and not to seem,
To Time no longer bound.

A stranger to this life I roam,
For when I wake, I seem;
But I return to my right home
When I can be a dream.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE CONFLAGRATION

Our world held an orgy Satanic
Which bedraggled me all through the night,
And I fell to a dream volcanic
Which boiled me in tears at the sight.

Up rose a burning mountain
Out of a human breast,
Whose throbs shot a lava fountain
That burnt its way from the crest.

The eyes burst a double crater
That never ceased to flow,
Their ruddy rivers rolled greater
While fiercer became their glow.

The sides were layered of tinder,
Whose flames rose tongued with sighs,
And wherever would fall a cinder
Broke out the tristfullest cries.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

But as those flames waxed hotter
They wrapped it around to the top,
The mountain did tremble and totter,
But the furnace never could stop

Until the whole Earth-ball was whizzing
With all its five zones on fire;
Good Providence too seemed blazing
In Heaven upon the world's pyre.

MACROCOSM

I feel without a fault of mine
An ever-prowling pain,
Which crawls into my day with dawn
As I wake up again.

It throbs the macrocosm's bale,
Wherein I am a part,
Which with its penance overflows
This microcosmic heart.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

ARMAGEDDON

The Earth entire turns Satan
With monstrous jaw
Devouring his own children
In world-wide maw.

This planetary Dragon
Through space now toils
With all damned Armageddon
Caught in his coils.

I would not let him loop me
E'en in my dream,
But whooped up all my courage
To one last scream:

“I dare thy noose, God’s serpent
Round Eden curled;”
He, hissing me his frenzy,
Let drop the world.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

THE UNIVERSAL CRUCIFIX

The crucifixion is not now confined
To single small Jerusalem,
Nor is to-day the Christ, the son divine,
Born only in one Bethlehem.

To-day the valley of Jehosaphat
Is all the land, aye all the sea,
The judgment seat hangs all around the globe—
The convict, all humanity.

The whole world has become now Golgotha,
The charnel home of man who died;
This Earth-ball is the Hill of Calvary
Where all the race is crucified.

Upon that universal crucifix
Both you and I suspended seem,
But resurrection of this death-done world
Is what gives substance to our dream.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

HALIFAX

(December, 1917)

My fellow-dreamer came in tears,
Nor would his lips relax
From shouting in my sleepy ear:
O hapless Halifax.

To be the sufferer of war
Far from the battle line,
To feel the judgment of a world—
Why should the lot fall thine?

The body whole of this mad Earth
Against itself turns foe,
And thy small nook, O Halifax,
Has felt the fated blow.

On all this wounded planet's face
Thou art one little pore,
Which, hit by chance, O Halifax,
Doth bubble out thy gore.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

We make thy sacrifice our own
Through Charity's deep plan,
Thy loss we hope the world's far gain—
The brotherhood of man.

So dream we daily to undo
The time's demonic acts,
Though Providence may seem a fiend
To thee, O Halifax.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE SPOKESMAN

The Earth's great soul moaned out a pain
 Into this little soul of mine,
As its huge whirling body tossed
 Around upon its circling line.

That body spouted streams of blood
 Throughout all Heaven's far-lit space,
It heaved deep sobs, but could not speak
 A word from its great orb'd face.

Still in my little human soul
 I heard the mighty Earth-soul pray ;
Though wordless flowed its speech in mine,
 I understood what it might say :

“Thou hast the power of the word
 Which I am fated not to sing
Unless thou lend to me thy voice
 To syllable my suffering,

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

“Build thou to speech,” the Earth-soul sighed
“The grandeur of my pain,
And wreath the around my weeping sphere
Thy melancholy’s strain.”

Then lent I to the great Earth-soul
Of me the petty piping note
Which soon swelled up and swathed the globe,
Sung from that huge terrestrial throat.

So mightily did roll that voice
Up to the stars and down the years
That I could hear within my dream
The farthest music of the Spheres.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

CONFESSİONAL

My heart-bleed has set in
And will not stop
Until I take my quill
To word each drop.

The world-pain sleuths me still
By some Judge sent
As to a spirit damned
In punishment.

I suffer with the Earth
For her blood spilt—
I share her motherhood,
I feel her guilt

Until I shrive myself
To my shrift's Lord,
For my confessional
Is this throbbed word.

SHRIIFT

I love that old word *shrift*
From Heaven lit;
In its deep Saxon heart
It means a writ

Which absolution brings
That I may thrive,
And Verse is my High Priest
Who doth me shrive.

Thou, Poesy, art but jingling
With words adrift,
Unless in thy soul singing
I hear thy shrift.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

QUESTION

O tell me now, my rhyming Sir
What is your House of Dreamery?
I wander through its mystic haze
And I can never find the key.

If you but turn to tune your line
Unto the lilt of poesy,
It straightway swoons off to a strain
Which croons your House of Dreamery.

And if you seek to chime my hour
Into a stream of melody,
The music runs at once away
Floating your House of Dreamery.

A ghost possesses your pen's point
To prick this world's reality;
Can you not charm some sun inside
Your nighted House of Dreamery?

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

ANSWER

For mine own me I make my rhyme,
Though I would make it for thee too ;
I can by it outdare my doom
When in my House of Dreamery.

Tuned to my verse I long to lull
My surging heart compassionate
Which thrills responsive to each wail
Shrieked from the whole world's blow of fate.

The reddest throb from sorrow's stab
I rock into a rhythmic strain,
That it may give to thee my balm
When out thy heart doth bleed my pain.

THE DOUBLE SUN

I live along the Sun's high course,
He lights me out the skies
And tells my times upon the earth,
I set with him and rise.

For me he smiles the pretty day,
And frowns the ugly night,
His kisses may caress or kill—
A blessing be or blight.

The sun is double in his deed
His sheen is love or hate;
But mine it is to make him one,
And so outdo his fate

RESOLVE

A double sun rose on my dream,
A black one and a bright;
Each claimed to own a half of me
And double was my sight.

The two would never work as one—
Man's curse and yet his prayer;
It doth me light, it doth me smite,
Life's giver and life's slayer.

I feel them in me strive atwain,
Yet I shall make them one;
For I must be within myself
More than a double sun.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE TWO HEARTS

The seams of Earth's old face
Run red to-day,
And the whole globe is gashed
In gory fray.

I dreamed a naked heart
About to burst,
It swelled and throbbed and leaped
As if accursed.

Into that swollen heart
Was plunged a knife.
Which cut it to the core,
To let its strife.

Dark are the gouts of blood
That from it run,
And to a measure wild
Fall one by one.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

Each drop in sombre hue
Leaps into rhyme,
And verses made of blood
Gush forth in time.

The heart now rests awhile
Freed from its pain,
But soon it swells anew—
Must flow again.

Thou, stricken heart, throb out
Thy newer part,
To me thou hast become
The whole Earth's heart.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE GOD OF SUFFERING

I dreamed myself an offering
Which I alive did give,
To the Great God of Suffering
That I through him might live.

I prayed that God: “O ban me not,
Complete my holy vow,
With thine to link my higher lot
That I reborn be Thou.”

I dared in him to sink away
And not to be to seem;
But in that spell I could not stay,
I soon fell out my dream.

Still back to it I often flee,
And sing my old refrain
Which wings me up to ecstasy
That I be God again.

THE FATED ONE

I saw the Earth-ball droop last night
As if a mighty head
Which from its body was shorn off
While through all space it bled.

I, welling sorrow, asked that head:
“From yours you stray unmated,
And roll at random in the void—
Why thus decapitated?

Then out its wound it gurgled words:
“My tragedy now scan:
Of millions of my fated men
I’m the one fated man.”

THE RED MUSE

Within this madhouse of a world
I heard the Muse to sing,
Who dares with this red time tune red
Her strains of suffering:

“Whatever I may throb in rhyme
My speech seems always hit,
My vocables roll off my tongue
As if by demon smit.

“My very thoughts from me fall hurt
In what I have to say;
My tongued sounds are slit in twain
With the time’s fang to-day.

“Let me but sing a soulful strain,
It shrills a twanging slash,
And hisses with the dragon Earth
Whose jaws I hear now gnash.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

“And if I dare once fall asleep
My very dream runs red
And streams in gashes from a heart
As if my shadow bled.”

O Muse, thy tensely chorded words
Are keyed up to thy theme,
And I am but the trembling scribe
To letter thy red dream.

THE WORLD'S HENT

My old wound boils to-day as when
In fight I fell afield;
So many years it has been hush,
As if forever healed.

But now it breaks at once apart
With all its former pain,
A sharp and sudden splash it bursts
In throbs to bleed again.

I know not why this should be so,
My body is not rent,
Most happy in myself I feel,
Yet by that wound am shent.

Of friend or kin I have no loss,
No sick or dying love;
Still that old stroke stabs back at me,
As driven from above.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

Once life was red in blobs of blood,
To-day my soul is rent,
And from afar beyond the sea
I feel the world's hid hent.

Of this great bleeding bodied Earth
I live one little cell,
And, aching with the sphere's far hurt,
I sing my wounded spell.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMFRY.

THE NAMELESS PAIN

There is a pathos in my breast
Which seems the world to rive
And break the human heart in two—
I live not, though alive.

I wonder what the cause may be
That saddens me this morn;
Just when I wake and see the sun,
I would I were unborn.

I wonder what it is to-day
That wrings me with despair,
No longer can I love my hope,
To live I hardly dare.

I have no ill of mine own lot,
And I am not bereft
Of what life's sweetest ties can give;
And still my heart is cleft.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

But when I dip in it my pen
Through which its throbs I drive,
And make them trickle down in words—
Again I live alive.

THE PAIN'S NAME

My body's pang it neither is,
Nor is it that of me,
Although myself it too inspheres
In its totality.

A crucifixion now it seems
Of the whole universe,
This passion new is cosmical,
And cosmical the curse.

Then let the name be also new
For this huge pain new-born;
Cosmalgia is the snake I feel
Bite through my soul forlorn.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE TALKING SPHINX

The old Egyptian Sphinx
Broke granite lips
Which crumbled at my feet
In little chips

That he might speak to me
His cryptic word
Which all Nile's centuries
Had never heard:

“The time doth bid me tell
My dream of stone,
For this whole human pain
Is just mine own.

“Till now I froze in rock
My sorrow's tears;
But hark! they melt to words
To reach thine ears.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

“The mute colossus I
Of suffering
Now ope my mouth through thee
My pain to sing.

“Thou, little blob of man,
Behold in mine
Pain’s immortality
By God’s own sign.”

BAD DREAMS

I dreamed I saw the Serpent old
About our planet whorled,
To take his tail into his mouth
And hold up our round world.

But suddenly in wrath the beast
Its ringed tail spat out
And with it fell our spheréd Earth
Down to dark Hela's rout.

Into mine own dim underworld
That serpent coils his creep,
With many a hiss and snap and glare
He wakes me out my sleep.

I grope dark corners of myself
To ban such monsters' throng,
But in my House of Dreamery
They too somewhere belong.

BEHEMOTH

I dreamed of big old Behemoth,
Monster of holy saw,
Who welcomed once the prophet lone
To his palatial maw.

But now the bigger Behemoth
Gapes for this girdled Earth,
Which he doth swallow easily
As he did Jonah's girth.

But biggest dream I Behemoth
With future task to follow,
His final most Titanic job
Is just himself to swallow.

EARTH'S TRAGEDY

I heard her groan to-day—
Old Mother Earth:
“I would my life unwind
Up to my birth.

“Let me go back to thee,
And be undone
Into a shred of mist
Of thine, O Sun.”

The Sun said to the Earth:
“I am too old,
I have turned back myself,
Am getting cold.”

Then sobbed sad Mother Earth
“Now I know why
On my life's sphere is writ
My tragedy.”

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

EARTH'S PRAYER

The world is cut to threads by day
But is made whole by night,
I hear the wounded Earth now pray
“O snuff me out the light.

“By day I wander a lost soul,
By night comes rescue soon,
Oh that the knell of day would toll
And into night I swoon !

“Now would I sleep a million years
My wounded sphere to heal,
And soothe my boiling sea of tears
Till whole again I feel.”

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

GOD'S PAIN

A Pain just come to-day
Is sealed divine;
It hails from God's own heart,
And also mine.

A suffering new I feel
And so do you,
This universal pang
I never knew.

Time's greatest novelty
Is just this pain;
Its Oceanic wave
Who may restrain?

This war is new, 'tis said,
War universal, too;
So likewise is its woe
Which tides this suffering new

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

Flowing from the Beyond
An infinite,
The universe is stabbed
In mundane fight.

And I beneath that shock
Must also cringe—
I, this atomic point
Feel with God's twinge.

THE PATERNOSTER

The Paternoster wrathful rose
And took his judgment seat
Above a million starry spheres
Which twinkled at his feet.

He summoned to his awful eye
Our little planet ball,
The little sinner gan to weep
Hearing the Judge's call:

“The example now I make of thee
For all my stellar world,
The farthest star shall fear thy fate
Lest it be Hellward hurled.”

Of the whole universe thus judged
The Grand Justiciary,
Whose word at once flew to the deed
Fulfilling his decree.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

The Paternoster painful rose
And left his judgment seat
Amid a million starry spheres
Which trembled at his feet.

THE TIME

The Earth is now one crucifix
On which I dream the One, the Man;
A universal Calvary
Reveals the new Creation's plan.

I hear the Universe's clock
Knelling to Time her node supreme,
And the great soul of Time herself
Is now fulfilling her long dream.

SENTENCED

Old Father Sun I heard in a dream
 Summon his daughter the Earth
Into his presence creative again,
 For he minded to take back her birth.

He would overmake her a little sun-flake
 Somehow as she was long ago;
But still he shone a sorrowful word
 Whose fervor illumined his woe:

“Since the aeon when thou wert born of my loins
 Many millions of years have sped,
Methinks, Oh Earth, I must knead thee anew,
 It were better that thou be dead.

“Thy quarrelsome ages of fire and frost,
 Thy battles of land and ocean,
Were little rents in thine own little ball,
 And thine too was all the commotion.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

“But now thy disaster flies back to the stars,
Has infected the Milky Way,
The Cosmos is bleeding sore of thy sin,
For thy deed thou hast now to pay.”

Then old Father Sun wrapped his face in a cloud
Which I dreamed to drop into tears,
While the Earth-ball suddenly backward whirled
One turn of some millions of years.

LAMENT

I saw the wan Moon sail away
Afar from her orbital round,
As she vanished into the void
She sobbed her sorrow profound :

“I no longer can look on the Earth,
Although my mother she be,
She is stabbing herself to-day
Her blood I shudder to see.”

“O mother, farewell,” cried the Moon,
“I break the family tie—
Thy tragedy not to behold
I am running out of the sky.”

Still round the horizon’s sad bound
I heard the moonset’s last sigh :
“I sink to my cosmical grave,
O Mother, with thee I now die.”

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

WHAT IT MEANS

This discipline of suffering—

 What does it mean to me—

Which belts the weeping Earth around

 In bloody agony?

This belt of bloody agony

 Making the world one stain,

Doth bind together all its parts

 In brotherhood of pain.

The fellow-feeling of the man

 Taps deep the primal me,

Then sets it flowing with all hearts

 In kindred sympathy.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

TO HAMLET

Like Hamlet in the play
I often have bad dreams,
But most unlike to him
I know the world of *seems*.

And yet most real to him
Was just that risen Ghost
Who told his deepest self
The secret of the lost.

That apparition is
For Hamlet and for me;
Yon world is what appears,
This Ghost is what must be.

But a still greater Ghost
I hear in Hamlet moan,
The greatest ghost of Time,
It is Will Shakespeare's own.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

Then dares my dreamful dance
A spectral whirl of three,
We join us hand in hand—
Will Shakespeare, Hamlet, me.

Round all the world we rune
In eerie rivalry,
Until our ghosts hie home
To hymn our Dreamery.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE JUDGMENT

The planets too have judgment day,
Each planet pleads his cause;
The planetary deed is tried
By planetary laws.

I saw their hoar tribunal rise,
The Earth was called to trial
For all the blood spilt yesteryear,
Her guilt met no denial.

The father Sun gave sentence last,
He was the Judge most high,
He crushed our Earth-ball in his hand
And flung it out the sky.

“Go back” he eriel “into my forge
For penitential pain,
Atone thy blood-guilt in my fires,
Till thou be born again.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

“Then bask afresh upon my sheen
 Becoming a new Earth;
But now I thunder thee thy doom
 Unsphered be thou from birth.”

I saw our guilty Earth-ball burn
 By law of Judge Supreme
Whose thunders, shaking all the spheres,
 Me shook out of my dream.

WHO AM I?

Pulsed out of Eternity's wound
I drip but a drop of blood;
That drop makes me share in the Whole
Which I never before understood.

I am but the point of a pang
In Ubiquity's woe,
Which beats on my little lone hour
With a world's overthrow.

In sorrow's great universe
I am but an atom of pain
Which echoes a planet's far plaint,
And breaks into words of my strain.

These words not only ooze balm
To soothe my personal sting,
They slake in the solace of speech
The world-soul's suffering.

GOD'S SPELL

The God to-day puts on a mask
Of darker tragedy,
His grimmer presence makes me shrink
And dareless graveward flee.

Still on his lips a woful word
Bespeaks his hoping heart:
“For thee I am a God in pain
And for the Future’s part.

“Pain is the human leveler
Whose blessing is to be,
When all mankind shall brothered rise
Through Pain’s democracy.”

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER

Again Demeter's moan
I heard to start;
For her lost child bewailed
The mother's heart.

Under a lid of earth
It had been borne,
From out this upper life
Fate had it torn.

Not now through Hellas old
She wandered lone,
But all around the world
I heard her groan.

Then rose up Father Zeus
And took his throne,
He spake a solemn word
To ease her moan.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

“Of thy lost child know well
The worthy meed;
Immortal it doth live
The mortal deed.”

DONNA DOLOROSA

The Lady dolorous
Gave me her gain—
Her sympathy new-born
Out of her pain.

Thy sorrow too, O man,
Divine will be
If thee it doth rebuild
To sympathy.

L'IMMORTELLE

I do not fear to be a dream,
And see behind these eyes
Where things no longer outward seem—
There lives my soul's last prize.

My silent house I do not dread
Nor shun its well-built wall;
I know I shall rise from my bed
When once I hear the call.

Let me but roam beyond in sleep
Myself I then shall see,
And in the God's own bosom peep
My immortality.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

ARISEN

Of all that ever lived
The Earth is but the tomb,
Of all that ever died
It also is the womb.

And thou must make thy life
To grow out of the grave,
The death of death it is
Alone which can thee save.

The Overseer of all
Has thus to thee directed:
“Arisen, thou must rise
To be self-resurrected.”

DAY AND NIGHT

By day I pull a wooden boat
Whose speed with toil is bought,
By night I in a shallop float
Whose oar is but my thought.

By day I feel the bleeding rent
For half of me is gone,
By night that half of to me is sent
And I am whole till dawn.

By day are sundered human hearts
And tears of blood then stream,
By night restored are the parts
When man can be a dream.

A SIGH

O that my life might glide
 Into a dream,
And I forever lave
 In Memory's stream !

So would I flee beyond
 The world's confusion,
And live again in love
 My dream's illusion.

WORDLESS

In madding throbs the heart doth break
 With memories upstirred ;
To set its throbs to song I seek,
 But I ken not the word.

A vision hymns within my sleep,
 A roundel here unheard,
That singing dream I fain would keep,
 But I ken not the word.

THE NEW LAW

To a new tribunal of Justice led
Our World as a culprit I saw,
Arraigned for its wrong I heard it to-night
By a new cosmical law:

“No more is thy blood-guilt merely thine own,
Confined to thine own little ground;
Thy stab has cut into the whole universe,
And the Godhead too feels the wound.

“For the suns and planets with satellites,
And the star-sprent arch of the Galaxy’s plan,
The nebulous fire-mist of millions of worlds,
Are but the lit members of one whole man.”

HAUNTED

A burden I feel, but 'tis not mine own,
There haunts me a cosmical sorrow;
If I fling it aside by force for a day,
It worms back through me to-morrow.

The plaint of the Planets I even may hear
Suffusing my dream all the night,
When I lie down to slumber abed with the Earth,
Till Aurora may fleet me her light.

The Earth-soul gives me to share of her pang,
For I to her body am bound,
And I am only one droplet of woe
From her omnipresent wound.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE SUN'S REFUSAL

The horologe of yon sun's face,
Which measures moments drop by drop
For this old billionth year of Earth,
At last has come to a full stop.

It is as if Sol turned his look
Aside in melancholy mood,
Refusing hence to keep the tale
Which tallies this day's toll of blood.

I wonder if the Sun is wroth,
Presaging to shut off his light
And turn old creeping Time himself
To one long snaky night.

THE OLD SUN-CLOCK

The old sun-clock hung up in the skies
Is ticking dull minutes to-day,
As if rounding out terrestrial time
With the final throw of his ray.

The old sun-clock is getting tired
Of telling the time of the world,
For he too is fated to fall along
To Chaos with Cosmos now swirled.

The old sun-clock has fallen down space,
To atoms he shrinks in the shock;
But what do I see rise out the Beyond?
It is a new sun with his clock.

RENEWAL

Fond ancient sorrows bubbling up
Now load with sighs each breath;
I thought they were forever gone,
But they rise up from death.

I feel the resurrection start
Of an old suffering,
And I am made to know again
Of fate the primal sting.

Though mine own manhood I keep one,
Mankind is cut in two;
The world's wide wound cleaves me apart
Till I myself renew.

How that may be I sing, O friend,
As burden of my strain:
I must return into the womb
And bear myself again.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

When I conceive the pregnant word
 Got of creation's throe,
With it I hymn myself reborn
 Out of my aged woe.

PANORAMA

What antique paintings I relume
 In my night's gallery
Lit by the sprited sheen which haunts
 My House of Dreamery !

A panorama of my years
 Before I had a memory,
Paints all my centuries long done
 In shades of Dreamery.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

EDEN

Image veiled of Dreamery,
Search is vain for thy dim land,
Yet unminded if I be,
In thy shadow there I stand;
Covered in thy cloudy fold
By me are all secrets heard,
If I ask to have them told,
Then they vanish at a word.

Hazy is thy welkin deep,
Moonlit is thy silent sea,
But the days forgotten keep
Treasures buried there for me;
Sweet embraces sunk in night,
Forms that have been lost on earth,
Rise again before my sight,
Find a new, more radiant birth.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

When this upper world I leave,
Sink I to that Paradise,
There I meet first Love, my Eve,
All whose faded moments rise;
Then creeps knowledge, jealous snake,
Spies our secret hiding-place,
Flees the queen, my spirit's wake,
Eden fair dissolves to space.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THOUGHT TO IMAGE

The Master Thought for many years,
Shall keep his philosophic school;
He builds the universe anew
And sees it circle by his rule.

But what is this which slips one day
Into that universe of Thought?
The Image olden has returned
But to new grandeur overwrought—

Transfigured to all time it seems
Out of a single face's years;
It wails to me a worldful's woe
Streaming with many millions' tears.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

SELF-WINDER

I look up at my heavenly watch,
This Earth's time-piece and thine,
Somehow it seems to have run down
Ticking the grand design.

“How can I wind my heavenly watch—
God's measurer of me?”
“First learn to wind thyself in all,
Self-winder thou shalt be.”

MY BOOK

My life is a fountain of dreams
Whose droplets I catch in a book,
As upward they jet to the sun
And of them I drink as a brook.

But when I have drunk to the full,
And slaked all the thirst of my Muse,
I slip to my underworld's sleep
And wait for the next piece of news.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE WORLD'S HOSPITAL

The day anatomizes me
With light's dissecting knife;
The night collects my scattered wits
To heal my waking strife.

The world dismembered is by day
Whose surgeon is the light,
The world turns one vast Hospital
Whose healer is the night.

RELIEF

When I am but a lone tear-drop
I turn it into rhyme
Which makes it run a measure sweet
To tune the jarring time.

In rhythmic strain I bless my pain
And sing it to a glee,
My loss I set to tuneful words
Which hymn my Dreamery.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

THE NEW SUN

The last of all the setting suns,
Downward I dreamed it diving;
When Time's last setting sun had set,
What next might be arriving?

I was not dead nor yet alive,
But in between I hovered,
Till I within my Self's own space
Another sun discovered.

Out of its sheen the newer world
I build with arching sky,
On whose blue height I cap in song
My dome of Dreamery.

THE COMBAT

A dreadful demon of a dream
Swooped down on me last night,
It flapped its ghoulish grisly wings
And challenged to a fight.

I scourged to it my trembling ghost
Who would the combat shun:
“Conquer the fiend,” I cried to mine,
“Damnation is to run.”

“Unless you master it in song,
And make it tune its spell,
It will you nightmare evermore—
The devil in your Hell.”

THE HELPER

Oh Dreamery, great friend,
Who art most true,
The gift thou givest me
Fate to undo.

Think not it is my sport
To make this verse,
I feel I must avoid
What is far worse.

My Dreamery, be thou
The surgeon's knife,
Which cuts me to the heart
To save my life.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

LESSER PAIN

Steep me in some lesser pain,
Welling up to memory,
That I may forget again
What my heart once bade me be.

Give me not my times of bliss,
For I long to think and weep ;
Give me not what most I miss,
In some lesser pain me steep.

Tender chords to-day I choose,
Tune me to thy softer strain,
Gentler stroke me, loving Muse,
Steep me in some lesser pain.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

ORISON

Golden Hours, rise once more
Out your home within the deep,
Bring along the loving lore,
That ye in your bosom keep.

Let me have again that night
When so oft I passed her door
Stalking like a pallid sprite—
Ne'er I knew myself before.

Golden Hours, come back again
Out your silent sunken sea ;
Thrill me to your sweetest pain,
Golden Hours, come back to me.

THE TIME'S HEALER

I see the Earth-ball start to roll
And run out of my sight,
As if it were a guilty thing
Which dares not face the light.

Yet that is but the half of it
Which turns from light away,
The other half rolls just as fast
Into the sheen of day.

I am the day, I am the night,
Of both I am the birth ;
I see in me two hemispheres
Become the one whole earth.

Ah, fell I feel the Fury's blow
Which pierces any part,
So I let drop into my words
The bleeding world's stabbed heart,

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

Till the great Healer of the Whole
Doth medicine the time
And healing all the wounded world
Heals too my wounded rhyme.

EARTH'S WOUND

The pother was only thine own hitherto,
Scratched on thy periphery's ball ;
O Earth, in thee now creation is cleft,
Thy hurt is hurt of the All.

The wound universal is thine to-day,
Of its gash the cosmos now bleeds ;
The Great God Himself seems suffering
For His own creature's deeds.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

MY DREAMS

Untimed, unspaced is their world,
All-where, all-when they can fleet,
From the Great Me over the border
To the Little Me down in the street.

My writ rears a mansion of dreams
In which I have daily to dwell,
For what I am in myself
They slip over to me and tell.

Of all that I ever have been
They whisper the ghostly voice,
With their word I have often to weep,
And with it I often rejoice.

From over my waking bounds
They race to wing into my soul
With the message of aeons foregone,
Whereof they keep the long scroll.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

So timeless, so spaceless their world,
Wherever, whenever they roam,
They bear the Great Me from beyond
To the Little Me here in my home.

PROVIDENCE

When on my couch at night
My head I lay,
The Dream is the Great God
To whom I pray:

“Be thou the Providence
To my lost soul;
I fly to thee, O Dream,
To heal me whole.”

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

DAY

It is the Day of Love;
What glow on high!
The air is all one kiss
From out the sky.

It is the Day of Love;
Tell me, Oh why?
The Heavens above look down
One mild, blue eye.

It is the Day of Love;
Grief will not die,
The breeze roves mid the hills
One endless sigh.

It is the Day of Love;
A face draws nigh;
I feel the kiss of one
From out the sky.

NIGHT

And now my Day of Love
Hath shut its eye,
Letting its sleepy lid
Droop round the sky.

Within my House of Dreams
Lit is Love's light,
And Dusk has slid away
Into the Night.

I, waking to the sun,
Would all day roam,
And then, O Dreamery,
To thee come home.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

BY DAY AND NIGHT

Whither goest, joyous vision,
Dancing on yon dome of sky?
Lookest oft in light derision
At our Earth that rolleth nigh;
Or on beds of down thou liest
Which the clouds have made for thee,
And their golden fringe thou pliest
In the Sun's bright tapestry.

Whither goest, silent dreamlet,
Nightly looking me to tears,
Tears that form a sobbing streamlet
Winding darkly through my years?
Often have I sought to hold thee
Till my heart thy image take,
But if once my arms enfold thee,
Then, alas, I am awake.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

Vision, sunny must be heaven
For me to behold thy face,
And the tempest-cloud be riven
To let through thy beams of grace;
Dreamlet, that from death upspringest
Where its darkness shrouds the urn,
Thou of night thy being bringest,
And to night thou dost return.

FUTURE

The Future is a wayward nurse
Who holds to man her breast,
And bids him suck of her milk's curse—
Of Hell's or Heaven's quest.

She drove away the Now in scorn
When I went to her school,
And stuck into my heart the thorn
That I was but her fool.

The lying Future never came
But scoffed me with her vow;
No more I woo the trothless dame—
I wed the eternal Now.

PAST

I met upon the Patmos isle
The old Semitic seer;
I asked: “Where is thy Babylon?”
He said: “Just now and here.”

I flew the sea to Delphi’s rock,
And prayed: “What will become?”
The priestess riddled me her rune:
“ ‘Tis Pandemonium.”

Still farther back I strayed in time
To find the world’s true dream;
I mazed old Egypt’s Labyrinth
By lifeful Nile’s hoar stream;

From shrine of inmost holiness
Shot forth a worded gleam:
“Your House of Dreamery rebuilds
My labyrinthine Dream.”

PROMETHEUS BOUND

I climbed the Mount of Sighs
Till pain grew cold,
An icy soul there stood—
Prometheus old.

A frozen fount of tears
Had chilled his eye,
I saw its crystal jet
Point toward the sky.

Hushed were its murmurs low,
It flowed no more,
But ever swelled within
Its body hoar.

In him I dream mine own
Deed overbold,
My tragedy I feel
In Titan old.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

When came along the Spring,
And breathed soft,
The Earth her mantle white
Mid carols doffed.

The crystal fount of tears
To melt began,
Ah, softened was the soil
Through which they ran.

And hot then gushed the stream
From out that ice,
Mine eye too overflowed
With sudden rise.

I dream Prometheus freed
Of his deed's chain,
But wake to feel still mine
Th' old Titan's pain.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

DREAM'S UNIVERSE

I saw a God to shape himself
Out of the nought of Space,
His head rose rounded to our globe
On which he drew his face.

His feet could tread the twinkling stars
Like stones across Time's stream,
O'er which I saw him stalk three strides
Within my daring dream.

His church was the domed firmament
Which walled the moonlit night,
The sun was his hot beating heart
Whose throbs rolled seas of light.

High that huge body of the God
Sat on all Space's throne,
And oracled me his spirit's word,
Which also was mine own:

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

“Thou, Dreamer, art the vision’s voice
Which sings the soul of me,
And this whole Universe is all
Thy House of Dreamery.”

SHADOWS

The moonshine is witching the world
Entranced in a dreamy hue,
All things have turned to a shade
And I am a shadow too.

We waltz in that silvery shower—
My own dear shadow with me;
Then romp we home to our feast
In the House of Dreamery.

GOD'S TEAR

The sad sphered Earth-ball tonight
One tear-drop of God doth seem,
And the World-pain piercing my heart
Stabs deeper to redder my dream.

An angel touched me and said:
"Here are three goblets of tears;
Once more I give thee to taste
The sorrows of all thy years."

I drank off my childhood's cup
Without a qualm or a halt;
Water it was and no more,
With perhaps a grain of salt.

Then I quaffed the bowl of my youth,
But it was very small,
More salt there was than before
With some infusion of gall.

PART FIRST.—THE DREAM WORLD.

The angel handed me next
The largest beaker of all:
“Here is the rain of thine eyes
That daily continues to fall.”

“Oh those are not tears of man,
Why now do they look so red?”
“Because thou art shedding not tears,
’Tis thy blood that thou dost shed.”

And so it fell out to-night
This blood-shot terrestrial sphere
From the great eye of the Dream-God
Rolled down at my feet as a tear.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

MY DUET

Gory and ghostly is the strain I sing;
'Tis blood that flows when pierced is the heart,
And red must be the words that paint its smart,
Since tears are such a superficial thing,
Dropping betimes for any little sting
Which pricks a nerve and makes the body start,
That they can not bestead the deeper Art
Which seeks the half-lost soul anew to wing.
But ghostly too I say my strain to be;
For when the Present 's from our senses fled,
And all the world around to us is dead,
Then through the hallowed groves of Memory
We roam, or in the land of golden dreams
We dwell, where shadow substance seems.

RHYME'S CONDOLENCE

Let speech be dashed with blood
Just like this gory time;
If the world's body bleeds,
So also must my rhyme.

I know my words are red,
For from the heart they gush;
Its drops rise to my tongue,
And into verses rush.

Red let them stand on white,
The rubric to my grief,
Their color in mine eye
Is what me brings relief,

And soothes this blood-let world
Along with mine heart's me;
Be thou God's dwelling-place,
O House of Dreamery!

DECREE

The Earth-man shook his shaggy head
As he ran on his race;
He grandly stepped along the stars,
And shot his sphere through space.

His haughty disc broke mouth and lips
Which sang within my dream,
While his huge eye-ball looked me through,
To fate me he would seem:

“Thou, atom of my whole Earth’s Pain—
Of millions only one—
Thou art to share the whole of it,
The whole thou dar’st not shun.”

LOVE'S TRIUMPH

At last the Judgment day
Now strikes high noon,
The Sun's great eye droops dusk
Into a moon.

The mountain and its trees
To phantoms fade,
The earth itself doth glide
Into its shade.

Mankind are longing dreams
That haunt the tomb,
And all things rush to meet
Their shadowy doom.

The Sun in Heaven shades
Into a moon,
While into Love's own soul
The World doth swoon.

The House of Dreamery

Part Second

THE DREAM LIFE

O Pain, thou art Time's very heart—

The universal Heart

Which throbs within this stricken world

And of it makes me part.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

BEYOND

I sailed past the portals of morning,
And swept through the ocean of space,
Its little worlds everywhere scorning,
Beyond was directed my face.

I sought for some mountainous wall
The universe has as its bourne,
My mind was to scale it or fall
Through measureless aeons forlorn.

Beyond it I thought I could find
The lost one to me and to Earth,
And her to my soul I would bind
And restore to the flesh of her birth.

But that wall I always must climb
When I to see her desire,
Must slip out the trammels of Time
And dwell in the spirit's pure fire.

BLESSED PAIN

Give me back my blessed pain
Out my sunken world within;
Golden sorrow, bloom again
That I may thy harvest win.

Show to me once more that moon
Swiftly trailing through the sky,
Till she sank away too soon,
Left me standing there to sigh.

Doth the God of Suffering
Suffer too along with me?
He it is who makes me sing
By his sacred sympathy.

He it is to whom I sing
All the pathos of my strain:
Oh dear God of Suffering,
Give me back my blessed pain.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

I stretch my hands to hold her,
Though shadow too I seem;
In arms I will infold her,
A dream within a dream.

In arms I will infold her,
She fleets a ghostly gleam;
My love I have not told her,
A dream within a dream.

My love I never told her,
I would the lost redeem;
My soul, embrace her bolder
A dream within a dream.

My soul, embrace her bolder
And live the sun's warm beam,
Ere we to love grow colder,
A dream within a dream.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

Ere we to love grow colder,
Who now two shadows seem,
I in my arms infold her,
A dream within a dream.

I in my arms infold her,
Whom my own soul I deem;
But oh! I could not hold her,
A dream within a dream.

Oh, Death! I could not hold her,
Beyond she sped a gleam;
But still my love I told her,
A dream within a dream.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

EVANISHMENT

Notes are falling light and airy
From the distant cloud,
Of mine ear they seem so wary
Scarcely are they loud;
'Tis the roundel of a spirit
Dropping from above,
And the skies that redden near it
Show a heart of love.

Let me feel again that measure
Breathing on mine ear;—
But in vain I seek the treasure,
Voice no more I hear;
All to nought hath waned the sweetness
When I wished it most,
Flashed into my brain its fleetness
Just as it was lost.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

Thought in other thought now merges
While I walk along;—
Hark! in soft melodious surges
Swell again that song;
As I seek anew to listen
Dies the cadence fond,
And methinks I hear it hasten
To its world beyond.

So departs my tuneful fairy
If I mark her aught,
Fades away the music airy
At the ray of thought;
If I think not I am near it
Round my path it flows;
But if once I know I hear it,
Hear I but the close.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE SEASON'S PICTURE

Another phantom
I flit to-day;
I am the Autumn
As lone I stray.

The grass is withered,
Crisp are the leaves,
The fruit is gathered,
Stacked are the sheaves.

The trees forsaken
Weep low their fate,
The frost hath taken
Away their state.

There stands how lonely
The monarch oak!
With bare head only
Waits Winter's stroke.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

The woods with riot
No longer ring,
The birds are quiet,
Too sad to sing.

Each living creature
Doth seem to mourn,
And over Nature
A veil is worn.

Dusk robes she borrows,
Oh what has fled !
The season sorrows
For its sere dead.

Why stands this picture
On Nature's scroll ?
It is the vesture
Of my own soul.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE OLD STORY

The rose-bud has opened its lips
And whispers to me of a maid,
Whom Spring had brought to her bloom
When her heart in my bosom was laid.

The lark is trilling with glee
Her bridal refrain in the shade,
I know the song that she sings,
Its music I learned of the maid.

The lilly is drooping in white,
Its leaves are beginning to fade,
Oh well I hear what it tells—
The story of the maid.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

PAIN'S GOSPEL

Through suffering the world is one,
For all must feel one pain,
We both, my foe and I, are hit,
Our wounds make the same stain.

And though our bodies smite apart
In bleeding separation,
Yet they keep that which makes them one—
Their common tribulation.

My soul I know to be mine own,
When battling with another,
But when we both are writhing sore
Each feels his sorrow's brother.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE FALLING STAR

I gazed on a falling star
With its beautiful burning eye,
Its train of diamonds afar
Swept sparkling down the sky.

Headlong it fell in the Sea
Out of the Heavens above,
But quenched its blaze could not be,
It was the star of love.

Old Ocean himself was fired
When he felt that flame in his breast,
He heaved and rolled and retired,
Love too has stolen his rest.

Though fallen is the star
And vacant its place in the sky,
In his breast it is brighter by far
Than when it was shining on high.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

In his breast it burns brighter by far
As it dances and throbs in the wave,
O happier fallen star,
Thy fall was thy fate thee to save.

RE-UNITED

In sleep I won the bourn
Which made us twain;
My soul has linked anew
Its broken chain.

I have re-joined in thee
This halved sphere,
And made it whole again
Fused in a tear.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

RETURNING STAR

I once had a Heaven myself,
Its deity I was alone;
One star I hung from its arch
And all the universe shone.

But that was old Satan's revolt
Which I again must enact;
His battle was not only once—
It happens every day's fact.

My Heaven has sunk into night
And I am a god no more;
From the star that looked in my face
There twinkles no beam as of yore.

O fallen star of myself,
I measure in music thy track
Till it rounds out my orbit entire,
For thou, I know, wilt come back.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

NOW AND THEN

A wretched solace must that be
Which rests upon a lie,
Foregoing manhood's brightest crown
To put to flight a sigh.

The world beyond is not of sense
Repeating just what's here,
To Faith I will not sell my soul
That I may dry a tear.

Thy soothing hand, thy proffered lip,
Thy loving eyes' soft beam
Are dust, and only can be real
When I myself am dream.

SELF-RESURRECTION

A new uprisen dream
Flew over me last night,
It flashed its golden wings
Waylaying me with light.

It brought to me my ghost
Which murmured from a cloud:
“Thou hast been often dead
And buried in thy shroud.

“But when it once was seen
That thou wast well entombed,
Straightway with one upburst
Thou hast thyself exhumed.

“And started with new life
Which ran again its course,
As if it had just tapped
The one eternal source.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

“Then thou wouldest die again,
Thyself thou wouldest not save
But with funereal gloom
Be lowered in the grave.

“That seemed the last of thee—
But look! What now expect!
The tomb curbs not thy power
Thyself to resurrect.

“So oft deceased O man,”
Imbreathed me my own ghost,
“So oft insouled anew,
Thou art not to be lost.

“Now bid I thee my best
Unheard of man before;
Dig up thy buried self
And let it live once more,

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

“That it may tell in might
The tale of thy life’s prime,
Then sing thy spirit new
Reborn of this new time.”

From mine own raptured ghost
I hear the biddance brave,
I leap out of my dream
As if I quit the grave.

That word I must obey
Without the least defection,
Else dying soon again
I lose self-resurrection.

THE DUET

Like comrades we talk on the road
Recalling the days that have fled,
Mine own dear double and I—
We both are a memory sped.

Each hymns of the other's fate,
For it seems also his own;
Attuned to that spectral light
The winds pipe ghostly their moan.

Each shade with the other doth sing,
Then airily fades to a swoon,
While glimmering off the sky
Has shot the last sheen of the Moon.

Together that dreamful duet
Of my dear double and me,
Doth echo ethereal strains
In my House of Dreamery.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

DIRGE

The wounded world in pain
To wail I heard,
It seemed to move two lips
Which bled its word:

“This half of me, oh lay
Within the ground,
A half can not be healed
Of its one wound.

“Nor tell me that old Time
Can cure my sorrow;
I will not have it cured,
More would I borrow.

“Ye murky shades of Night,
My soul enshroud,
Nor let one beam of light
Cut through the cloud.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

“I wish to keep my heart
All torn in two,
And daily have it drip
With bloody dew.

“The other half of me
Lies in the ground,
This half can not be healed
Drip, drip, oh wound.”

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE SERAPH

A seraph flew down through the air
And alighted close to my side,
A store of beauty he brought
'Gainst sorrow my soul to provide.

The crook of a shepherd he reached,
When arose a peaceful strain,
Of streams and mountains and sheep—
But disgust was added to pain.

As I turned away with a sigh,
He put in my hand a bright sword,
A song was soon heard in the air
With a hurrying, clangorous word.

The battle came on with its roar,
The heroes great valor displayed,
I listened awhile to the noise
Then handed him back his blade.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

To weep the good seraph began
As I turned again to depart,
He stepped up behind me and laid
To mine ear the throb of a heart.

At once my body and soul
Dissolved to a musical tear;
Oh seraph, come down to my side
And lay that heart to mine ear.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

RECESSITIONAL

The Sun stood o'er my head
At deep midnight,
But in his great round eye
Wan was the light.

A tear cut off his rays
From wonted glow;
I said to him: "Oh Sun,
Why weep'st thou so?"

He moved his great round eye
And looked at me:
"Thy moans have reached the stars,
I pity thee.

"I've turned about my steeds,
Am going back,
The Past shall rise again,
Along my track."

He hurried to the East,
Sank in the sea,
And then from out the West
At morn rose he.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

Backward the seam of Time
 He rips each hour,
The Done becomes undone
 With crash of power.

The tomb begins to live,
 There stirs the clay,
The dead break out their graves
 And walk away.

Thy hour is drawing on;
 Will burst my heart!
What footsteps in the hall!
 Oh here thou art.

And with thee floods the throng
 Of this year's slain,
They hymn a world re-born
 And live again.

But see! the Sun o'erhead
 Is turning round,
And, telling future time,
 Looks, westward bound.

THE BELDAMES THREE

I read long ago of the beldames three
In many an olden history,
Which still would seem but a fable to be
Until their eyes got a hold on me.

In a dream they crossed my path one day,
I turned aside to avoid their way,
My feet in fetters there seemed to stay,
My jaws were locked, no word could say.

“He comes,” they shrieked with a mad laugh of zeal,
One had a spindle, another a wheel,
A thread thereon she began then to reel,
A thread whose clew in my brain I could feel.

The third one raised the remorseless shears
Which her fingers ply through the murderous years,
No wail can melt the wax of her ears,
Her eyes fierce flame burns up all her tears.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

The thread was flowing with droplets so red,
The beldame looked for a moment and said:
“If I should cut now this little thread,
Then he, methinks, would only be dead.

“But I shall snap his heart in twain,
And take the part which has no pain,
And leave him a half to bleed amain
That he both alive and dead remain.”

The beldames three have left my path,
But still I see those eyes of wrath,
And daily in a crimson bath
I feel the shears the beldame hath.

For the beldames three have had a fresh birth,
Now circling both me and all of the earth;
To the glut of gore there is no dearth,
They take their blood-toll from every hearth.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE TWO VOICES

Within my breast I keep hearing
The voice of a dolorous round,
Which, weaving through many a word,
Would always bring back the same sound:—

“Heart, oh heart more heavy
Than metal that ever was found,
Methinks that if thrown in the river,
I would sink with thee and be drowned.

“Roaming in mead or in forest
Removes of thy weight not a pound;
I tread and my feet seem sinking
To my final home in the ground.

“Earthy too is this bosom
Whose walls enfold thee around,
And whenever I hear thy throbbing
Leaden and dead is the sound.”

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

Answer to these reproaches

Came back like a voice in a swound:

“A grave is thy heart so heavy

With corpse and coffin and ground.

“Still thine be the voice of the Dreamer

Upbearing thy sorrow profound,

To feel as thine own the whole world-pain

Now tossing the Earth-ball around.

“For this globe is becoming a charnel

And bleeding to death of its wound,

While throbless hearts by the million

Are lowered to rest in the ground.”

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE GIANT

It hissed and flashed and thundered,
With sulphur was filled the air,
The Heavens from Earth were sundered
By a wall of flaming despair.

In the blaze stood a smiting Giant
With the glare on his angry face,
And his eyes flashed more defiant
As he smote with his mighty mace.

The Earth kept rolling and quaking
That no one could firmly stand,
Atlantean pillars were shaking
Beneath his violent hand.

Then burst the loudest thunder,
But the figure no longer was seen;
Still Heaven and Earth were asunder
Though daylight lay between.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

I sought for that figure volcanic
Where last was heard the sound,
The Earth showed a grin Satanic—
A fissure in the ground.

Still out of the mouth of that fissure
Spoke the time's remedial grief,
And I shouted after its measure
The strain of mine own relief.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

THE RELIEVER

The universal man
Lies stabbed to-day
And with him I must bleed
To let my lay.

My rhymes are drops of blood
That gurgle low,
Their wound I dare not stanch,
It has to flow.

I would not sing a word
If I were whole,
But song alone relieves
The writhing soul.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

THE FACE OF PAIN

I dreamed a face rose out of space—
 No words, no smiles, no winks—
And yet Fate's oracle it looked,
 Then loomed the cosmic Sphinx.

Adown from its fixed features flowed
 The world-heart's tearless Pain ;
I heard from those void lips of space
 In me this voiceless strain :

“O Pain, I feel thee Time's own heart—
 The universal Heart
Which throbs within this stricken world
 And of it makes me part.”

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

SPRING

O Spring, thy breath of youth
Again is here,
Thy laughing spell of life,
I can but fear.

What storms the raging heart
In wild refrain?
Is it a new delight,
Or the old pain?

The South sends up her breeze
To free the land,
The brooks leap down the hills
Out Winter's hand.

The buds peep out their beds
To greet the day,
The forest orchestra
Begins to play.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

The children out the house
Rush to the air,
Wild rings the chime of glee,
Joy everywhere.

Heaven's Grand Almoner,
The bright-haired Sun,
Throws down his fairest gift,
And Spring is won.

Oh Spring, I cannot stand
Thy merry strain,
The more delight I feel
The more the pain.

ROSES

Oh roses that dream in the sun,
Arouse from your fragrant sleep,
My heart by your passion is won,
And in wild longing doth leap.

Your buds of bright red from the spray
Gush out like drops from the heart;
Is it love o'erflowing in play,
Or is it a wound's bloody smart?

The Sun doth soothe you to rest,
And round you more warm is his beam;
See the flame dart up in each breast!
I know that of love is your dream.

More scarlet is turning the rose,
And darker is colored its stain;
'Tis sending out blood in its throes,—
Now I feel its dream is of pain.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

Oh roses that bleed with the kiss
That falls in the Sun's golden rain,
Your passion is love's sweetest bliss,
Yet oh, your passion is pain.

LIKE THROUGH LIKE

Whenever words are tinct
In colors of the heart,
They must be read through tears
Their crimson to impart.

The Furies slash mankind,
Like tigers gnash the years ;
Let Poet write in blood,
Let Reader read through tears.

A TEAR

To thee my daily meed of love
I pay, a tear,
Which lifts thee up from thy low bed
Of clay, so drear.

A tear that ever shall a picture
Hold, of thee,
Ta'en in some sad or happy time
Of old, with me.

A tear throbbed out the centre of
My breast by throes,
And quivering with a wavy wild
Unrest of woes.

A tear whose crystal holds thy life
Serene insphered,
And rules mine eye as some majestic
Queen so weird.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

A tear which bubbling up from Memory's
Well down deep,
Doth drag the Past from out his murky
Cell of sleep.

A tear which swells up to the Earth's
Round ball apace,
And from the sad Almighty's eye
Doth fall through space.

THE ONE

One face looks out the air
Everywhere,
Far on the sunset's cloud,
In the crowd;

“Thou art that dream,” sing I,
“Fleeting by”;
To me smiles back thy look
From my book;

All letters spell the same
Thy loved name;
I see thee in thy bower
Once more flower,

Then o'er all falls the gloom
Of the tomb—
Still lives through thee undone
Just the One.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

NATURE'S KEY-NOTE

A thousand voices Nature hath
That whisper low and loud,
Revealing what lies hid beneath
The deep unconscious cloud.

Whatever music you may thrill
In earth or sky around,
Concordant to the mood within
Its notes are ever found.

She is the rising, setting sun,
As well the calm as storm,
She is another to herself—
Her own two-visaged form.

A varied music is her speech,
But music deep and true,
Its harmony you seek to find—
The key-note lies in you.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

VERNAL MOOD

Vernal winds, so blandly blowing,
Frozen waters free ye set,
But my tears ye start to flowing
Like the mountain rivulet.

Vernal Sun, thou mildly shinest,
Till the earth once more is dry,
Otherwise thou me inclinest,
Ever wet is now mine eye.

Vernal Love, from thee youth borrows
Sweetest strains of glee and hope,
But to me thou breathest sorrows
In whose memory I grope.

Genial Spring, thy glance releases
Ice-bound joys of all the year;
But to me thy flood increases
By the melting of this tear.

AUTUMNAL MOOD

The Painter Autumn touches now the wood,
He spreads his colors on the leafy green,
A picture thereout grows of wondrous sheen
Wherein he paints his melancholy mood;
But when his work of beauty is once done,
Each leaf which hath his gentle pencil felt,
Drops down to earth and into soil doth melt
When just its time of glory had begun.
The gloomy Painter studies to portray
On Nature's canvas bright the face of Death;
But all his strokes are followed by decay,
His picture vanishes before his breath;
And when the leaves are gone, as in a dream,
He follows too, the victim of his theme.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

PESSIMISM

Somehow to-day I double am,
And double shines the truthless Sun;
Fair Nature turns a two-faced dream
When her I love as one.

I glance aloft into the sky
And there behold a fleecy cloud;
It is a robe to deck a bride,
Oh no, it is a shroud.

I hear a warbler in the wood,
The trees are trilling with his strain;
His joy runs out the tiny beak,
Oh no, it is his pain.

The Sun looks down upon the world
As he pursues his radiant race;
What peace he spreads along his way!
What rage is in his face!

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

The lightnings flash, the thunders crash,
The warrior battling times his breath;
It is his victory presaged,
But no, it is his death.

OPTIMISM

Let Nature twist her double tongue
And let her feign her double face,
Then stories criss-cross tell the friend
Who seeks her charm's embrace;

But be his lot or weal or woe,
His change from out her look hath shone;
Though manifold may be her mask,
Her sympathy is one.

RESTORED

I have called up a world of shades
Wherein I love to be,
An image is my dearest mate,
Which lives and loves with me.

I throw away my conscious self,
I pray to be a dream,
That I may never feel or know
I am not what I seem.

A restoration sweet it is,
Its nothingness I will not think,
To me is sent a healing shape,
To bind the broken link.

MEMORY

Thou, Memory, art my waking dream
If nought without assail;
My life to live again I seem
Repeating o'er its tale.

So when from flesh the soul is free
And all to nought is hurled,
Must Memory be reality
The ever-present world.

But now I as a lover woo
The maiden Memory,
Who lets me in her soul foreview
My immortality.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

IMAGE TO THOUGHT

Death comes and rends the bond in twain,
 Removes the living from the sight;
Emotion ploughs the breast with sobs,
 And all the world flies into night.

Next out the darkness steps a form
 Which to the soul deep raptures saith;
It seems as if all is restored;
 The Image triumphs over Death.

But then this shape begins to fade,
 And e'en to flee what once it sought;
Go back we must into the world,
 Now last the Image yields to Thought.

Thou, Thinker, hast to-day returned
 Out of thy eerie phantoms' strife;
Let now their discords be resolved
 To thy built symphony of life.

PSYCHOLOGY

The Dream-sprite flurried me last night
By his off psychic mood;
He whispered me a set of words
I hardly understood:

“Thou must be now subliminal;
And to thy essencee delve;
Though thou art born a self at first
Thou must thyself reselve.”

“You are a mystagogue,” I frowned,
“Unsettling the time’s brain
With psychologic Dreamerries
Which God cannot explain.”

But round me gloamed his new response
As he to ether whirled:
“Thou, man, hast never selved thyself
Nor hast thou selved the world.”

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

NO MORE

O Dreamer, sing it out
What plagues thee sore;
Why eats this fire of Hell
At thy heart's core?—
“I dreamed that I could dream
No more, no more.

“To-day I have a pain
Ne'er felt before,
There is a something gone
I would restore;
I dreamed that I could dream
Of thee no more.

“Oblivion's hand wiped out
All time of yore,
And Heaven shut its book
Of starry lore;
I dreamed that I could dream
Of thee no more.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

“Some fiend in mantle black
Stepped in my door,
My heart soon felt a blade
Pierce to its core;
I dreamed that I could dream
Of thee no more.

“It was as if dim shapes
My body bore,
Then with an earthen pall
'Twas covered o'er;
I dreamed that I could dream
No more—no more.”

THE HOUSE OF DREAMERY.

LAST JUDGMENT

I heard the God proclaim
The time's new vow:
O Man, thy Future's Dream
Round to the Now.

The Holy Promise paid
Must be to-day,
Too long we have endured
The false delay.

Hope must fruition be
Whose horn is full,
And to the Real must change
The Possible.

To life the Image vain
Must quickly leap.
The dream and waking too
One shape must keep.

PART SECOND.—THE DREAM LIFE.

To Knowledge, brightest sun,
All Faith must rise,
Yet seek the world below
And not the skies.

The day of Judgment too
Is every day,
The Judge sits now to hear
What you may say.

The deed must be the creed
Which is not said,
And life an endless prayer
Which is not prayed.

God has become a man
And Death a Birth,
Let Heaven now fall down
Upon the Earth.

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